WHISTLING AS AN ART

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Whistling as an Art

"PEOPLE DON'T WANT to see a guy whistling while they're having dinner," a New York night-club owner once told Fred Lowery.

That café impresario deserves a page in theatrical history all to himself—as the world's worst talent scout! For the musician he turned away—a lad from the little town of Palestine, Texas—has been applauded in night clubs and theaters from coast to coast, has been featured on top radio shows, and could live comfortably on the royalties from his recordings alone.

As if that were not enough, he has won critical recognition from John Charles Thomas, Alec Templeton, Fritz Kreisler and others. Kreisler, in fact, was so impressed with Lowery's talent that he did a special arrangement of his *Caprice Viennois* for whistling.

Lowery first learned to whistle by imitating birds in the Texas cotton fields. Orphaned as an infant and partially deprived of his sight by a childhood illness, he spent ten years in the State School for the Blind at Austin. Summers he picked cotton on his grandmother's farm. When a whistler named Ernest Nichols visited the school Fred got an audition and was advised to make a career of whistling.

Within a year he was giving concerts, and soon afterward got a staff job with a Dallas radio station. New York was the next step and there, despite many rebuffs, Lowery was soon whistling with big-name orchestras and appearing on network radio shows.

One of the secrets of his success was knowing the right and wrong way to whistle, almost from the start. The right way, he says, is with lips relaxed, not puckered. Puckering minimizes the wind content of the mouth and creates a narrow rush of air and harsh tone.

"The lips should be held almost normally, but firmly," Lowery points out. "When you achieve good tone at any pitch, you can start double-noting. To do this, you place the tongue as if to make a T-sound, and permit the air to flow over and under it."

Between engagements Lowery lives in North Hollywood, California. There, to the delight of his five-year-old son, he holds whistled conversations with the birds.

You would expect Lowery to be a completely happy man, considering all he has achieved. But his happiness won't be complete, he confesses, until he has made whistling a recognized art.

PERFECT WHISTLER. In this picture America's foremost whistling virtuoso, Fred Lowery of California, shows the correct way to whistle. A concertmaster once said that the partially blind whistler's pitch and tone were "as true as any piccolo I have ever heard."

The Girl in the Window

FASHION MANNEQUINS who grace the windows of department stores and smart shops are elegant, lissome creatures who lead altogether enviable lives. In their well-arranged, worry-free world, these plaster, paper or papier-mâché beauties wear advance beach styles and bask in simulated sunshine during winter months. Or, attired in fabulous hostess gowns, they sit gracefully on luxurious couches, sipping cocktails from expensive glasses.

Yes, the fashion mannequin of 1947 lives well. More important, she looks well—because she looks real. Yet it was not always so. During the last century, fashions in mannequins have changed just as much as fashions in ladies' finery.

If the lovely and lifelike mannequin of today could speak, she would probably express pity and not a little amusement at the appearance of her ancestors. Her great-grandmother, back in the 1850s, was a wire, cloth and sawdust contraption who didn't vaguely resemble anything human. In the '90s, her grandmother, a wax figure with impossibly rosy cheeks, vacant blue eyes and an annoying habit of collapsing in the heat, was displaying the latest thing in leg-of-mutton sleeves.

Her mother, the heavy, clumsy plaster mannequin of other days, made her debut during the first decade of this century. Because of weight and immobility, she was not, by nature, a frivolous soul—but during the 1920s she was evidently caught in the Flapper craze and quite literally lost her head. For several years headless torsos were extremely popular with store-window artists.

Then, with the Depression, a trend toward realism began. Display men, looking for mannequins less expensive and easier to pose, found the answer in lightweight paper and papier-mâché models. And thus was born the lovely lady who can look elegant and natural at the same time.

Like her flesh-and-blood counterpart, the American girl, the modern mannequin is emancipated. No longer doomed to spend her useful years standing with feet together or one foot forward, she can perch on the arm of a chair, climb a ladder or stand pigeon-toed if the window dresser so desires.

Truly, today's mannequin lives in a never-never world. Yet she has become so lifelike that her world now seems possible, probable and completely desirable.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER. Around 1850, this jersey, wire and sawdust lady was one of our best-dressed fashion dummies. Today, she sits in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—not far from her streamlined descendants in the fashionable shops of New York's Fifth Avenue.

JEWELED HORIZON. Photographed from the mile-high summit of Mount Wilson, where giant telescopes pierce the secrets of the skies, this breath-taking view of Southern California could almost be a picture of the star-studded heavens. Far below, Los Angeles, fifth largest city in the United States, stretches toward the Pacific Ocean and glitters in the night like an earthbound miniature of the Milky Way.

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AUTHOR
TITLE
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	HIGH	WIDE	THICKNESS
1529	12 inches	10 inches	¼ inch
1530	12 "	9⅛ "	"
1532	13 "	10 "	"
1533	14 "	11 "	"
1534	16 "	12 "	"

Other sizes made to order.

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